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IN MEMORIAM.



GEN. STEPHEN ELLIOTT.

COLUMBIA, S. C.:

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1866.

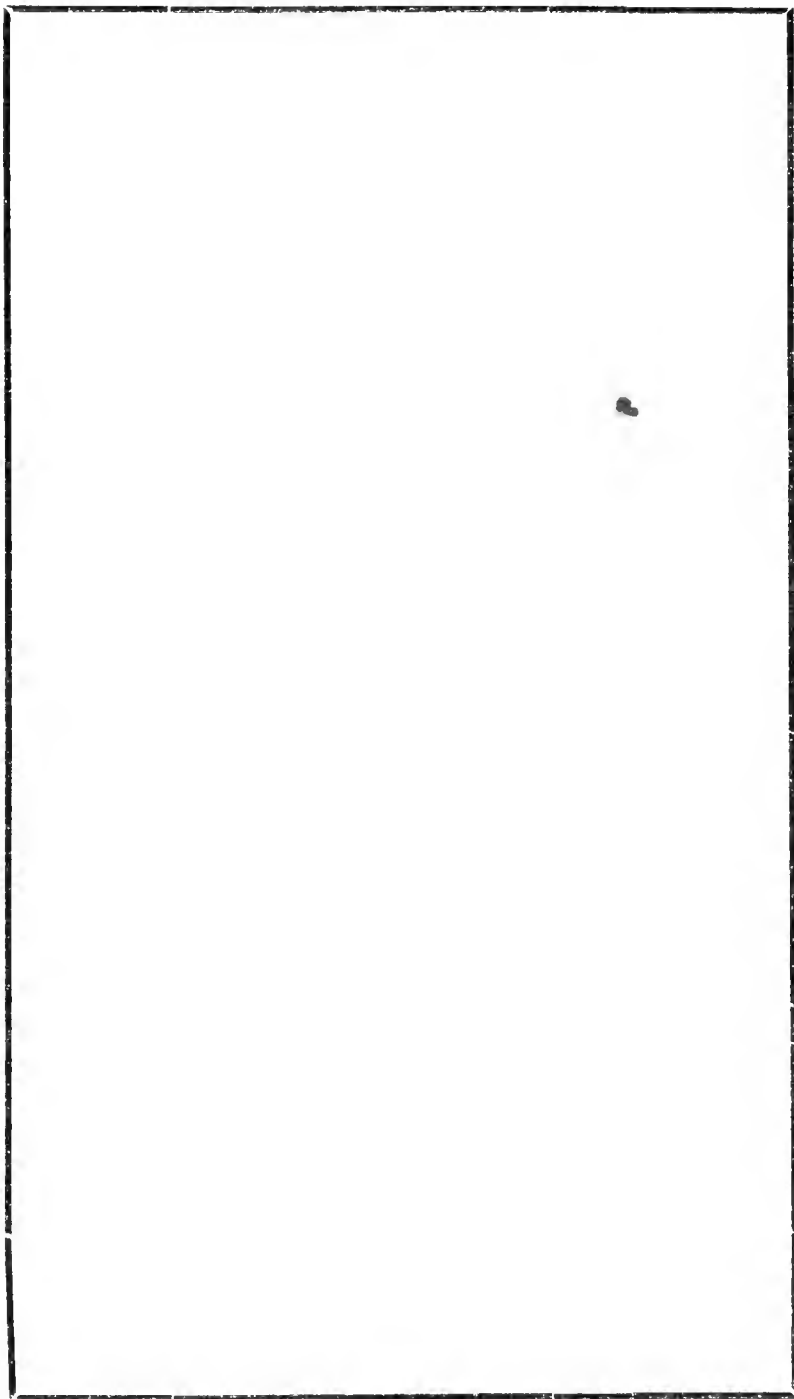
EXTRACT
FROM
JOURNAL OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

Mr. BARKER introduced the following resolutions; which were considered immediately, and were unanimously agreed to:

Resolved, That one thousand copies of the resolutions and addresses in honor of the memory of General STEPHEN ELLIOTT and of the Hon. J. HARLESTON READ, be printed in pamphlet form.

Resolved, That a Committee of Three be appointed to wait upon Hons. W. F. HUTSON and WM. HENRY TRESCOTT and request copies of their addresses for publication.

Resolved, That a Committee of Three be appointed to wait upon Hons. J. R. SPARKMAN and JAMES B. CAMPBELL for copies of their addresses for publication.



REMARKS OF MR. HUTSON.

My position, as the oldest member of the delegation from Beaufort, gives me the mournful privilege of asking the indulgence of the House for a few moments, while I offer to its consideration a feeble tribute to the memory of one of its most valued and useful members, who has, since our last meeting, been removed to a higher sphere of service.

I need not tell the House, that I allude to General STEPHEN ELLIOTT. The entire press of the country—the large concourse of mourners who flocked to attend his obsequies in St. Michael's—the announcement by the Speaker of the painful vacancy he was called to fill, during our vacation—the qualification of his successor—have informed us of our bereavement. Our mourning, though green, is not recent. But we have one last duty to discharge. While we bow to the will of an all-wise God, and may not repine at his dealings, it is permitted to us to shed a tear over departed worth—to mingle our mourning sympathies with sorrowing friends—and to record, in honor to the dead, and for the profit of the living, our high appreciation of a life of useful manliness.

The House will bear with me while I dwell very briefly on the life, services and qualities of our lamented friend, before I offer the formal testimonial of respect which I have prepared.

I had the privilege to know General ELLIOTT intimately, from his early boyhood; to serve with him in this House during nearly all the time he was a member, and to have been near his field of service during the earlier years of the war. In all that time, he exhibited those high qualities, which culminated in a world-wide reputation as a brave soldier, and gained the respect and regard of all who knew him, for his earnest, manly and punctual discharge of every duty, public or private.

His early manhood was devoted to his occupation as a planter, in which he displayed all that energy, skill and sound judgment which afterwards marked his military career. Though modest and retiring in disposition and manners, and averse to public life, his capacity and worth could not be overlooked, and he was invited from his retirement to take part in the counsels of the State as a member of this House, where the war found him. But, at the first symptom of war, he raised an artillery company and entered the service. His constituents, however, continued to re-elect him, to the day of his death.

He was actively engaged with his company during 1861 and 1862, on the coast, and engaged in every contest for the defence of that line, and particularly dis-

tinguished himself in the repulse of the enemy at Pocotaligo, where 4,000 were driven back at the expense of a third part of the 300 defenders. In that action he fought the enemy with two sections of his baltery at sixty yards. His deserved promotion caused his removal to Charleston, and, soon after, he offered to hold the shattered *debris* of what once was Fort Sumter.

That memorable defence will stand in history, a monument of courage, skill and patient endurance unsurpassed in its annals. I need not dilate on that defence. The fort never was taken—it was quietly abandoned, after it had become useless by the evacuation of the city. But long before that happened, General ELLIOTT, having demonstrated its invulnerability, was relieved, promoted, and sent to Virginia. His service there, until disabled by the wound from which he never recovered, is matter of history. I will not attempt to detail it. But I can speak of his faithful, earnest, diligent service in this House; of his healthy, manly views on all questions of statesmanship; and his rigid adherence to whatever he regarded as principle. For most of the latter years I was one of his colleagues, and can speak of what I know. But one fact in his history, one feature in his character—and that which gave it completeness—yet remains to be mentioned.

Not long before General ELLIOTT was transferred to Charleston, he made an open profession of religion; and while there was an absence of all cant, and no change

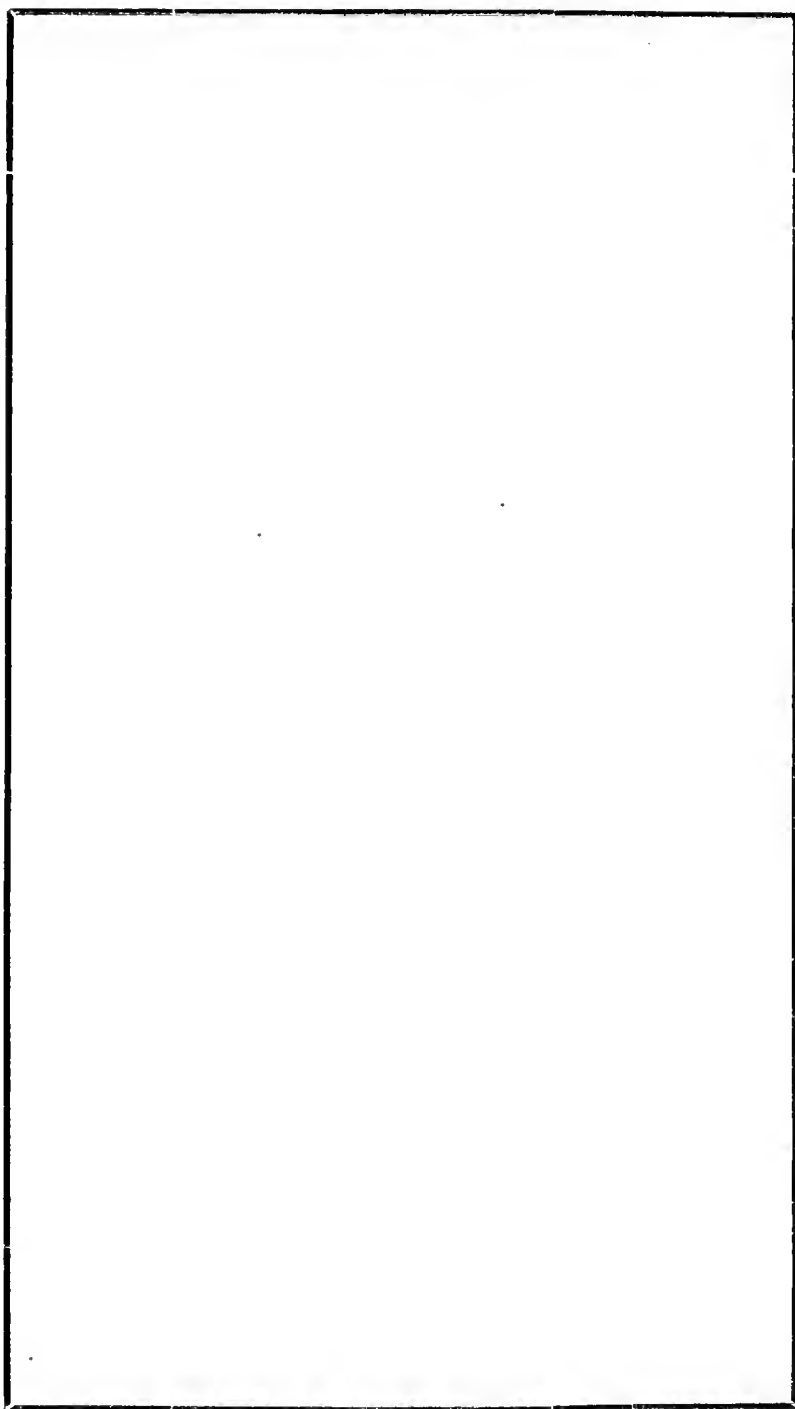
in the hearty sociality of his nature, I, and I suppose many of his friends, can testify to a very great change in many things deemed by the world harmless; but for which a sanctified heart can have no taste, and that from the day of his profession until God called him home, his walk and conversation were consistent with that profession. And when the last trying hour came, and heart and flesh began to fail, and his faithful father asked him of his hopes, his triumphant reply was, "I am safe in Jesus." The brave soldier had been given the victory over the last Enemy.

Mr. HUTSON then offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this House esteems it a high, though melancholy, privilege to render to the memory of General STEPHEN ELLIOTT, lately one of its members, every testimony of reverential and affectionate respect in its power ; for in him the State mourns one of her bravest soldiers—a faithful, true-hearted and devoted son ; and this House a beloved, respected and useful member, who, with unselfish zeal, brought all the energies of a clear head, a brave heart, a strong will and untiring industry into the service of his country, and added to these sterling virtues all the gentler qualities which endear men to their kind. Tender and loving in all the domestic relations; warm and sincere in friendship ; frank and truthful to all who approached him ; and with an earnest, practical loving faith in his Saviour—he lived and died the model of a Christian hero, and has left behind him a bright example, which we recommend to our children's children, and a memory which, we trust, will never die, while the State cherishes her old love for purity, worth and courage.

Resolved, That this tribute to his memory be entered on the Journal of the House, and that a copy be sent to his bereaved widow, in token of our deep sympathy in our common loss.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, this House do now adjourn.



EULOGY BY MR. TRESCOT.

MR. SPEAKER: I rise to second the resolutions which have just been read. In doing so, I must ask the indulgence of the House, if I speak somewhat more at length than the proprieties of such an occasion ordinarily warrant. General ELLIOTT was no ordinary man. Beside his individual virtues, he was the representative of much in Carolina life that has passed away forever, and the circumstances under which we are met, to-day, to do honor to his memory, may well fill all our minds with sad and serious thought.

Since I have been a member of this House, it has been my painful privilege to join more than once in the expression of our sorrow for the loss of colleagues, honored in their lives and mourned in their deaths. Then, however, our sorrow was not without hope. Our grief was tempered with patriotic pride; we believed that they were martyrs in a holy cause; we felt, as we laid them gently and reverently upon the bosom of the State they loved, that the time was not far distant when that State, free, strong, radiant in the glory of their fame, would gather her living children around the graves of her dead, and consecrate their

memories to immortal gratitude. And they themselves went out to meet death with joy, in the assurance of victory. You must recollect, sir, the touching incident which is told of a lad who was borne, fatally wounded, from the field of the first Manassas. As his friends stopped him, to ask his condition, he pointed back to the battle-field and exclaimed: "Don't mind me—the army is there, father is there, the country is there." So these men, as they passed away, pointed to the battle-fields upon which they had fallen, and, by their examples, exclaimed: "Don't mind us—our army is there, our kindred are there, our country is there." But, to-day, sir, where is our army—where are our kindred—where is our country?

And when in this darkness that has come upon us, we gather with broken hopes and bitter memories around the grave of another who came back to us from the great conflict, shattered and death-stricken, who lingered only long enough to see the desolation of his own home, the humiliation of his own State, and then laid down to die, what words can comfort such a grief—how can we cheat that grave of its victory, how deprive that death of its sting?

We know now that for our lost cause such a life as STEPHEN ELLIOTT'S was a great and useless sacrifice; but for that very reason, ought it to hold a dearer place in our affections. Indeed, I use no exaggerated language, when I say that such lives are doubly precious to us now, for they are our only

vindication to posterity. We have but a sorrowful history to teach our children. We must tell them that in the pride of a strength and wisdom which we did not possess, we inaugurated a revolution which we could not achieve; that in the unequal strife our past power and our future hopes were alike broken in blood. Our vindication with them and in history must be, that we ventured on this terrible issue in an honest, earnest, unquestioning conviction of the truth, under the solemn obligation of our duty to maintain inviolate those principles of Constitutional liberty which we had inherited. And that it was no unworthy effort which at the close of such a war had cleared our great defeat from shame, and given dignity to our disaster. And as we trusted for our hour of expected triumph to the strong and simple manhood, the unambitious and unflinching obedience to duty, the heroic achievement of soldiers like him—so, in the hour of our reverse, when God has taught us, that neither human courage nor human wisdom can control the issues of His providence, we can point to their examples as fitting illustration of the spirit in which we fought, and tell as a lesson that shall never die, how, like the French soldier, who, when desperately wounded, thrust into the sabre gash the Cross of the Legion which the Emperor had given him, lest it should be taken away—these brave men hid in their wounds and carried to the safe and sacred custody of the grave, the honor of the cause they served.

And the example of a man like General ELLIOTT is only the more valuable, because he was not one of the great names of history. He commanded no large armies, he won no famous battles. He simply did his duty where his country put him.

STEPHEN ELLIOTT was born in 1830, at Beaufort, in this State, and was the eldest son of the Rev. STEPHEN ELLIOTT and ANN HUTSON HABERSHAM. His father was one of the most highly respected gentlemen of that section of the State. He was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and a large and successful planter, who, combining the duties of both positions, had devoted himself, with great usefulness, to missionary work among the negroes. For many years preceding the war, he had declined the rectorship of a regular congregation, and, having built a church upon his own plantation, preached regularly and most efficiently to the slaves of the neighborhood. They were both members of a family long and honorably known in the history of the State. Among the earliest settlers of the colony, they were established in name and fortune at the Revolution. Without attempting to achieve that sort of reputation which attaches to eminent public life, they possessed, and through many generations maintained, a large and useful local influence, representing their Parishes in the House and the Senate of the State Legislature, cultivating with success their extensive estates, exercising a graceful and genial hospitality, and discharging, with conscientious responsi-

bility, their duties as citizens. One characteristic strongly marked all the race—the combination of scholarly taste with an enthusiastic devotion to the sports of the field—sometimes developing into an affectionate study of nature, as in the well-known botanical researches of STEPHEN ELLIOTT, the elder; sometimes into profound and elegant scholarship, as in the life and labors of Bishop ELLIOTT; and sometimes into such a special character as the late Hon. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, a gentleman of many and varied accomplishments, for many years a member of the State Senate, the friend and chosen companion of PETIGRU and GRAYSON, in their hours of lettered leisure—the hero of many a woodland chase, and the model of every Beaufort boy, who, for the first time, waded into the surf, at Bay Point, to throw his line for bass, or saw, with trembling eagerness, the great wings of the Devil fish flash on the broad waters of Port Royal.

General ELLIOTT was nurtured and reared in the town of Beaufort, where he was born—Old Beaufort. It was a block-house, surrounded with a few scattered dwellings, in the days of the Yemassee wars, and it needed strong arms and stout hearts to win acre after acre of the rich hunting lands which spread round it. But shrewd trade and hard blows did their work. Surely and slowly the men of Beaufort stretched out their hands and grasped all that beautiful and bountiful country that lay between the Combahee and the Pocotaligo, and along the great water of Broad River.

Upon the lands which they took from the savage whom they could not tame, they placed the savage whom they could tame. From godly Boston and pious Providence came the crowded slave ships, and the white man's brain and the black man's strength worked together to send cargo after cargo of rice and indigo to the mother country. Then came the Revolution, and the sons of the men who fought the Indians for the Crown, with the same persevering courage fought the Crown for their country. After their hard-won victory they grew and prospered. The forests vanished before their energy, and the islands that lay between them and the sea became tributary to their skill.

Every year broader fields grew white with the great staple of their agriculture—the savage whom they had taught to work became a contented and civilized laborer—wealth brought elegance to their homes, and culture gave finish to the natural refinement of their manners. Where the old block-house stood, were gathered the homes of happy and Christian households. It was indeed a place of homes, for no commerce ruffled the placid surface of its bay, no trade disturbed the shady quiet of its streets, its fair houses and noble gardens were scarcely less peaceful than their tranquil shadows in the waters that surrounded them. Long years of prosperity and power had given to its inhabitants a touch of no ignoble pride. Their lands had changed hands by purchase less, perhaps, than in any other portion of the State, and their wealth

had been the steady increase of the same labor from father to son. As in all small communities, near enough in neighborhood and kindred to secure intimacy among its members from childhood, they were shy and reserved with strangers; but they were kind masters, good neighbors, true friends. Active and intelligent planters; simple in their tastes, absorbed in their agricultural pursuits, they found in the domestic incidents of their households matter for perpetual and kindly interest, and rich indeed were those households with the fragrance of as pure and beautiful a domestic life as ever filled an earthly home. With very little incentive, and perhaps less disposition to public ambition, they preserved that strong interest in politics which education and the consciousness of a great stake in the administration of the country always give, and among them, both honored and loved, was more than one man whose character and ability had large public influence. But in politics they were intolerant believers in a very simple creed—it could be summed up in one commandment: “Love South Carolina.” I will not vindicate its wisdom. All very strong feeling is apt to run into error by its exaggeration. A statesman would call it narrow, a philosopher would call it weak, but it was broad enough to cover their lives, it was strong enough to support them in death.

If I have dwelt too long upon the character of this community, the House will forgive me. For many years, I lived among them. I speak of men I loved,

of homes in which I was welcome. I cannot forget that of those I knew, many a proud head is humbled, many a brave heart is still, many a sweet and gentle face is shadowed with an everlasting grief. The fire on their hearths has gone out forever ; ribaldry and ruffianism have run riot in homes where dwelt domestic love and household honor ; and by an act of cruel, lawless and iniquitous spoliation, a whole society, which, in its traditions, its industry, its courage, its refinement and its virtues, represented for many generations the best traits of Carolina character, has utterly perished.

And it was in this community, and amid such influences, that General ELLIOTT grew to manhood. As a boy, he won the affections and confidence of his comrades, and "STEE ELLIOTT" was as much their leader then as Captain ELLIOTT was when, at the commencement of the war, he took command of their chosen company. They all recognized his quick and practical intelligence, his untiring energy, his venturesome spirit, the skill with which he used his gun or managed his boat. By the time he was a well-grown youth, he had acquired a quick eye, a steady nerve, that habit of self-reliance which sport full of danger always cultivates, and that knowledge of the country which was to be of such great service to him in the future ; for there was not a winding creek, not a cut off through the marshes, not a dangerous shoal in the navigation from Pocatigo to the ocean, that he did not know. After sound

and solid preparation at the excellent school in Beaufort, he went to Cambridge and thence to the South Carolina College, and there graduated with credit, not a scholar, perhaps, himself, but with a genuine and educated appreciation of the value of scholarship in others. Soon after his return, he married one of his early companions, who had grown into graceful and accomplished womanhood, and then settled upon one of the beautiful islands that looks out upon the ocean where Broad River widens into Port Royal Harbor. There, carrying out the lessons he learned from his excellent father, he lived, a kind and judicious master, among his people, cultivated his estate with signal success, and looked through the vista of coming years to a long life of honorable usefulness and quiet happiness.

But in 1860 the State seceded, and in 1861 called upon her sons to redeem the pledges she had made. Intimations not to be disregarded warned the Government that one of the earliest demonstrations of the power of the United States would be made upon the coast of Carolina. Preparation was made rapidly, and as was then thought, efficiently, to meet the danger. The harbor of Port Royal, which seemed the probable point of attack, was defended by two forts, and Captain ELLIOTT, who had been elected to the command of the Beaufort Artillery, was placed in charge of the batteries at Bay Point, one of the localities that was supposed to command the entrance to the harbor. The capture of Fort Sumter and the result of the first bat-

tle of Manassas had given undue confidence to our spirits, and led us to underrate the capacity for war of those with whom we were in conflict. The summer passed tranquilly by, but in the shortening days of October, the people of Charleston, from their steeples and house-tops, watched with eager anxiety the long line of battle-ships that, bearing the old flag, swept past the harbor on its mission of wrath; and, early in November, the greatest naval armament that the United States had ever put to sea was collected in the waters of Port Royal. It is strange now to think that, with a year's warning, with full knowledge of the danger, the only resistance to this tremendous power was left to two earth-works, two miles apart, hastily erected by such civil skill as could be found, and with the aid of the native labor from the adjoining plantations, and garrisoned by a few hundred citizens—militia who had never known a harder service than the weariness of a Governor's review. And still stranger, that the neighboring population went on quietly with their accustomed life—not a household was disturbed, not a piece of property removed—and all waited with undisturbed confidence the result of this desperate contest. But so it was.

The attack was opened soon after sunrise on the 7th of November, and for many hours the forts were exposed to a fire which, even in the annals of this war, was almost unparalleled. It was very soon evident, that all our soldiers could do, was to show their powers

of endurance; for, by mid-day, the forts were demolished, the guns dismantled, and the fleet safe within the lines of the defences.

It is enough to say, that, in this forlorn hope, STEPHEN ELLIOTT and his comrades did their duty. He knew that the heavy war-cloud, which hung upon the blue waters of the bay and rose over the tree-tops and floated far away over peaceful fields, was heavy with destruction for all he loved; and that the noise of battle was shaking the walls of homes, in which mothers and wives were praying for the safety of the brave men who fought his guns. But it was no time to think of home and family and possessions. They had done all that brave men could do—all that was left to do was accomplished—and the weary and disheartened troops secured their difficult retreat to the main. There Captain ELLIOTT, with his company of artillery, was placed on the line of inner defence which had been determined by Gen. LEE, and which, under various commanders, was successfully held from then until the spring of 1865. It is not necessary to repeat the history of that occupation. It was a long and weary watch. It lasted through cold and bitter winters, and hot and sickly summers; but it was never broken. The forces of the United States were driven back in effort after effort to effect a lodgment on the main land, and until the war ended, their power was bounded by the navigation of their gun-boats. In this arduous but comparatively obscure service, Captain ELLIOTT spent

many months. His enterprise, alike prudent and bold, the unbounded confidence of his men, his thorough and minute knowledge of the whole country, made him pre-eminently useful. He indulged in no fretful longing for promotion—no impatient anxiety for a sphere of larger ambition. Where his duty was appointed, there his whole energy was displayed. His services were soon recognized by his promotion to a Majority, but the time had come when a larger opportunity was to be given him, and when he was to identify his name forever with the proudest chapter in the history of his State.

Soon after the war commenced, it was evident that the United States Government would put forth all its strength for the reduction of Charleston. This was but natural. Not only was Charleston the most important port of the Confederacy, but it was the symbol of the Revolution. In its Convention was signed the first Act of Secession; in its harbor was fired the first hostile gun; and on the ramparts of Fort Sumter had the old flag first been lowered in acknowledged defeat. The port was blockaded, the entrances to the harbor obstructed, and all that military skill, individual courage and unstinted national expenditure could compass, was concentrated against it. It is not for me now to tell the story of that famous siege—to describe the patient skill of BEAUREGARD, the indomitable energy of RIPLEY. It is sufficient for me to say that days ran into weeks, and weeks grew into months, and months

became years, and still on the walls of Moultrie, on the ramparts of Sumter, on the low, dark earth-works of Fort Wagner, and along the beach of Morris' Island, the sentries paced the line of their unbroken outposts, and cried "all is well." And the heart of the whole Southern land was with us. The great armies of Virginia and the West, as they paused in their own heroic labors, listened with proud sympathy to the story of the stubborn conflict. Brave men among our enemies did honor to our steadfastness; and the curiosity of other and older nations, "proud in arms," kindled into generous admiration. But the persevering skill and courage of our adversaries at last found their hour of vantage. The disastrous landing on Morris' Island was effected. For days and nights the fierce attack and the steady repulse moistened, with blood, the island sands. Slowly and sternly the stained and shattered works of Fort Wagner were abandoned; and, finally, the island was evacuated. The whole power and energy of the attack was then concentrated upon Fort Sumter, and under a fire, which no human work could stand, its walls crumbled, the great fortress was battered into a mass of almost shapeless ruin, and it was found necessary to withdraw the garrison of regular artillery, who, under their heroic commander, Colonel RHETT, had fought it to the water's edge. For a moment the heart of the city sank. Through sad and weary months it had borne disaster within, and confronted danger from without; but now, indeed, it

seemed as if the touching lament, poured out thousands of years ago over Troy, might be uttered by all who loved her—

“The spear, the spear hath rent thy pride;
The flame hath scarred thee deep and wide;
Thy coronal of towers is shorn,
And thou most piteous art, most desolate and forlorn.”

But General BEAUREGARD determined not to abandon the fort. It might not be the key to the harbor, but its occupation by the enemy would be a dangerous advance, and the means of further and final success. And in that spirit of soldierly pride which has been the motive power of many a high achievement, he determined to hold what had been so early won and so long kept. General BEAUREGARD selected Major ELLIOTT to take command of the fort. At that time, he was at the Stono River, where he had been sent on special and important service. He accepted this duty, as he did all others, modestly and resolutely; and on the night of the 4th September, 1863, he crossed the harbor and entered upon his command. To undertake this duty required something higher than ordinary courage. There were brave men who considered it hopeless. Few believed that those ruins could resist the force which had so far destroyed them, and men felt that the soldiers who entered these broken walls and shattered casemates, went there to die, because the honor of their State required it. To perform this duty required more—it required the faculty of impressing his own resolution upon every man of his com-

mand, and centering into himself the unwavering confidence of those whom he directed. It required calmness, self-possession, and that indomitable will, which, by some strange influence, seems to impart to the very dead material, the stone, and brick, and wood with which brave men work, a power of living resistance. This duty he undertook, and this duty he performed. The very weakness of the fort he converted into its strength: for when the front walls had fallen, with the aid of his engineer, Major JOHNSON, a companion every way worthy of him, he tunnelled through the mass of ruins, and every succeeding bombardment only made his means of communication and protection stronger. But I will not attempt a detailed account of his service. You all know, that he had scarcely taken his command, when, on the 7th September, "Admiral DAHLGREN, determining to test GILMORE's assertion, that Sumter was 'a harmless mass of ruins,' summoned the fort to surrender. Gen. BEAUREGARD telegraphed to Major ELLIOTT, to reply to DAHLGREN, that he could have Fort Sumter when he took it and held it." You all know, how, on the night of the 9th September, thirty launches, supported by a portion of the naval force, attacked the fort and were signally repulsed, leaving one hundred and thirteen prisoners in the hands of the garrison. You all know, how the fort was held until the enemy, in sullen confession of their inability to take it, confined their hostile demonstrations to distant and ineffectual bombardment. You all

know, the weary labor, the heroic endurance, the steady courage, which stood through all this and conquered. Mr. Speaker, history may write another judgment than ours upon the justice of the cause in which we fought; the firing of the first gun upon Fort Sumter may be remembered, in after days, as the first rash act of a wild and fatal delusion; but when, in the early summer of 1864, Major ELLIOTT left those ruined walls to join the army in Virginia, he had carved upon their massive fragments a story of Carolina chivalry so simple, so noble, so true, that it will forever kindle the sympathy of brave men for the State he loved, and temper the censure of just men on the State he served.

For his services in Fort Sumter, Major ELLIOTT was rapidly promoted, and, in 1864, as Brigadier-General, he joined the army of Virginia. He was placed upon the lines near Petersburg. Soon after his arrival, the famous mine was sprung, and a portion of his brigade was destroyed by the explosion. While rallying his men to the brilliant and bloody repulse which followed, he was shot in the shoulder, a painful and dangerous wound, which paralyzed entirely his left arm. After long confinement to the hospital, he was enabled to resume his duties, although with great difficulty, and was sent back to Carolina and placed in command at James' Island. Here he remained until the evacuation of Charleston, from which place he moved with Gen. JOHNSON, in his effort to effect a junction with Gen. LEE. He was severely injured at Bentonville, and this, with

the consequence of his wound, compelled him to obtain a furlough and return to the State, which he reached just before the final surrender of the armies of the Confederacy.

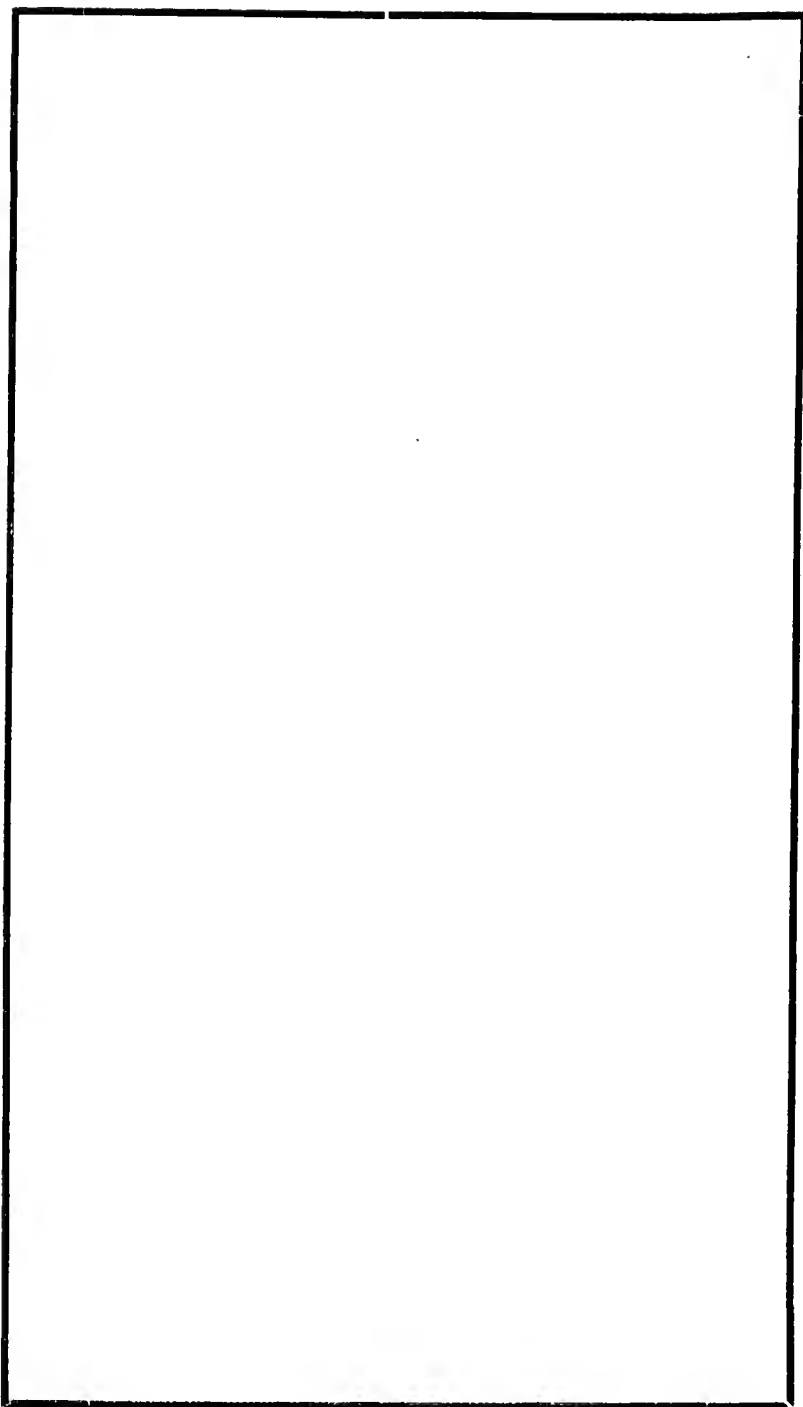
The cause for which he had bravely fought was lost; the army in which he had served was disbanded; his home was in the possession of the United States armies; his once rich and powerful kinsmen were in exile and in poverty. In the same spirit of quiet resolution with which he accepted high responsibilities and met great dangers, he submitted to necessity. He went back among his old slaves, and was warmly welcomed in their new condition. They would gladly have joined in the restoration of his estate. But the policy of the Government at the South, unfortunately in that, as in many other cases, forbade the arrangements which he would have made. At that time, as we all know, neither the friends who loved him, nor the State which owed him so much, had the power to aid him. He removed his family to a hut on the sea-shore, which, in former days, had been a rough shelter in his fishing expeditions, and there, day after day, in sight of his own house, within sound of the labor on his own plantation, amid the scenes which recalled the bright hours of his boyhood, his pleasant and prosperous manhood, he fished, and crossing to the neighboring village of Hilton Head, carried himself the fish which he had caught, to sell for his subsistence. The sight of this simple, quiet, brave man, won respect from all. Gen.

GILMORE, who had commanded the United States forces while Gen. ELLIOTT was at Sumter, and whose headquarters were then at Hilton Head, in a spirit worthy of his reputation as a soldier, asked of the Executive his pardon as a special personal favor, and it was granted. And it is a fact worthy of our reflection, that in the election for members of Congress, in 1865, the entire vote of the Northern settlers on that island was given to him. He was a member of the House of Representatives, from St. Helena, when the war broke out, and was again elected after it closed. From that time he was our colleague here, and I need scarcely recall his conduct. Wise, practical and conciliatory in his counsel, he never affected a sentiment he did not feel.

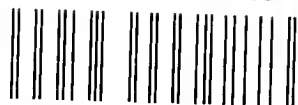
He believed that the issues we had made were irrevocably decided against us; that the interest and the honor of the State required that she should lay broadly the foundations of the new life she purposed to lead; that the sooner her legislation was conformed to the constitutional requirements of the Government, the better for all her people, white or black. In this sense he spoke and voted. Just as he had done his duty before, so under the new system which he had accepted, was he prepared to do his duty again. And to-day his strong common sense view of the duty which lay before him, his freedom from all passion in the perplexing questions which surround us, his undisturbed consciousness of his own purity and honesty of purpose,

and the consideration which his eminent services had won, would have made him an invaluable counsellor. But soon after the last regular session he sickened—his constitution had been exhausted by the exposure of camp, the confinement of beleaguered garrisons, the suffering of wounds—and he died. His last request was that he should be buried by the side of his mother.

He was faithful to us in his life—let us be true to his memory. The cause in which he fought has perished. The great chieftain whose commission he bore is a worn and dying captive; the flag under which he served is furled and put away forever; and over his dust in proud triumph floats the “Star Spangled Banner.” But if we are ever to look again upon that banner as the symbol of a common and a re-united country, its stars must shine kindly upon our dead, and “its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land,” must cast no shadow of shame on the graves of men like him.



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